

## Elegy For Elsabet

The Weakerthans

So the fields are stubble,  
Garden's done  
Where the scary scarecrow stands  
Sees her holding up horizons with her hands.

She's so tired of reading Daddy's lips  
That essay on a frown.  
Watch her memories of human voices drown.

Let horsey bray  
Break between the thunder boom.  
Make grasses' swish  
Meet the cricket's ring.

Let every sound  
Consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard.

The back lanes tie the city down  
A mess of dirty string.  
Winter dies the same way every spring.  
As the sky tries on its uniform  
Of turned off t.v. grey,  
And the ways we watched her watch us walk away

Let every rain  
Clatter down at groaning streets.  
Make footsteps tick  
Talk to echoed walls.  
Let every sound  
Consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard.

Let every wind  
Howl and creak the creaking doors  
To rooms that too much has happened in.  
Let every sound  
Consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard.